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Charivaria.

OVER a million people visited the Zoo last year. None of them, however, was accepted.

"Home ties are very strong," says a lecturer. And generally of the most hideous pattern.

It is reported that a tiger escaped from a travelling circus in France and entered an hotel. One of the waiters, however, had the presence of mind to show the creature the scale of charges.

An American visitor announces his intention of taking a nightingale home with him. He is prepared, of course, to offer it a much more attractive contract than the one drawn up by the B.B.C.

STALIN is said to answer to the pet name of "Zozo." But we are not told *what* he answers.

In Paris a bridegroom appealed for a divorce the same day that he was married. Hollywood is still stunned.

Bulgarian bandits bombed a restaurant at Strumnitza. We understand that several people rose and left the building.

"To get to the top of the tree one must have an incentive," says a business man. An infuriated bull, for instance.

A conjurer has been performing at the Zoo in order to see how the inmates responded to his tricks. Rabbits produced from a hat especially interest the python.

We are told that grey-hound racing will never become popular in Scotland. Unless of course the public are allowed to back the hare.

A fifteen-year-old telegraph messenger-boy is 6 feet 2 inches in height. He never has to wriggle his way to the front of a crowd watching a pneumatic pick at work.

A clever scientist claims to have devised a means of producing rain at will. We still prefer the old English method of holding a picnic.

"The younger generation," says a novelist, "is knocking at the door." Nonsense! they have latchkeys, as every milkman knows.

A prize terrier recently fetched a hundred pounds. If we owned the animal we would let it do this frequently.

In Italy silk is now used for the covering of sausages. What is used for the inside remains as ever a mystery.

It is stated that nearly half of the

tried in vain to obtain interviews with the celebrated Hutchinson.

He rang the bell of Hiram Hutchinson's flat. Two minutes later he picked himself up from the pavement, sorted out his arms and legs and rang the bell again.

After fifteen further attempts he began to get used to the feel of the pavement. He congratulated himself that he was fast acquiring the art of landing on the softest bit.

Then the door opened and Hiram Hutchinson walked down the steps. Jelloid rushed at him and gripped him by the lapel of his coat.

"*Morning Maul!*" he shrieked. "Your views on India, please!"

"Hell!" said Hiram Hutchinson, and pushed him into the gutter.

Jelloid stumbled sadly back towards Fleet Street. He decided to report his failure to the Feature Editor, purchase a piece of string (thick) and a large weight, and then throw himself from Waterloo Bridge.

The Feature Editor listened to his tale in gloomy silence. Then he rose and grasped him by the hand.

"My boy," he said, tears rising to his fish-like eyes, "congratulations! This is the biggest scoop *The Morning Maul* has ever had. Take the rest of the day off. Huggins can write up the dope."

Jelloid propped the next morning's *Maul* against the marmalade-pot. The whole of the front-page was given over to the interview with Hiram Hutchinson. A great headline shouted from the top:—

"India is a Living Hell.

AMERICAN POET TELLS THE TRUTH.

Exclusive Interview with Hiram Hutchinson.

BIGGEST SCOOP IN MODERN JOURNALISM.

At last *The Morning Maul* is able to reveal the whole truth about the present situation in India. The gag is off. From the lips of Hiram Hutchinson, America's premier vers-libre poet and one of the greatest living authorities on bee-keeping, we have the naked truth.

Closeted with our Special Representative, this usually impassive son of New York threw off all reserve. With a wealth of gesture he described India in one word. . . .



Boy. "I PRESUME WE CAN SETTLE THIS AHT O' COURT."

flying-machines sold this year so far have been bought on the instalment system. Still, it is not the initial cost that matters; it's their upkeep.

We read that a certain African tribe is taking up golf. Most of them, however, are remaining true to their older religions.

Scoop.

"YOUR first job," said the Feature Editor of *The Morning Maul* to the young reporter, "will be to obtain an interview with Hiram Hutchinson, the great American poet. He has just returned from a tour of India. I have already sacked three members of the staff who have tried in vain to get hold of him. The door is behind you. . . ."

Young Jelloid paled. He had already learned that traffic under Waterloo Bridge was seriously impeded by the bodies of young journalists who had

Brevity.

It is only when I realise that from the forests and highlands, from the plains that burn beneath the pitiless sun, from the waving acres of pampas grass, from the swamps where great alligators lie like half-sunken logs, from the lands of the lotus and the cherry-blossom, from the dark frowning fjords, from the humming markets of industry and from cities of men on the sounding ocean is now gathered together here in our midst a multitude of pilgrims with set purpose and shining eyes, determined not to cease from verbal strife nor let the pen sleep in their hand until they have secured the provisional stabilisation of exchange on the basis of a suitably reformed tariff system by means of a concerted monetary and credit policy, that I am led to think how lacking in essential romance is the language of political economy. The Cinderella, she is called, of the sciences, and, if I had thought of it earlier, I would have had a picture made showing how this Cinderella, touched by the fairy wand of REALISATION OF ECONOMIC INTERDEPENDENCE, was stepping into the coach of CONSTRUCTIVE PROPOSALS in order to travel to the glittering ball of RESUMPTION OF THE MOVEMENT OF CAPITAL, and meet the princely figure labelled INTELLIGENT ORGANISATION OF COMMERCIAL PRODUCTIVITY AND MUTUALLY PROFITABLE TRADE.

Would it not be possible even at this late hour to coin a few lovely and resonant words to describe the objects of the World Economic Conference—words that will touch the imagination and rouse the hearts of the English folk? What a pull the old alchemists had with the Elixir of Life and the Philosopher's Stone! How attractive and mysterious seems the Rosicrucian compared with the Financial Delegate, whether plenipotentiary or no!

But perhaps I am wrong. Indeed, I am sure I am wrong. This terminology of political economists, which seems so arid to me, may rouse the East like a trumpet-call and sound like the sweetest strains of music in other languages than ours. It is better in French. It must be beautiful in Italian. In German it may be like a storm amongst the mountains or the war-cries of the Valkyries. To the ears of FATHOLLAH KHAN NOURY ESFANDIARY or ABDOL-AHAD KHAN YE KTA, whom I discover to be members of the Persian delegation, it may seem like the song of the bulbul to the rose.

Nevertheless, speeches are limited to fifteen minutes; and if some charming simplified phrase could be found for a Concerted Policy of Controlled Reflation, or for a Substantial and Progressive Reduction of Unnecessary Tariffs through Regional Agreements, I feel certain that the Conference would gain.

One short plain English word has, however, been flung into the Polysyllabic Museum, and that too on the first day of the Conference, by the PRIME MINISTER himself. I mean the word "debt." How lyrical it is! How like to a green oasis in the Sahara of difficult words! Even I can understand it as easily as the representatives of Ethiopia and Paraguay. And "not paying the debt" sounds sweeter still.

EVOC.

"GREEK DANCING IN HYDE PARK."—*Daily Paper*.

He was probably only making a speech.

Burglars from all parts of the country are complaining that unless Lord TRENCHARD checks his activities it will soon be impossible for anyone to earn a dishonest living.

"Illi Robur . . ."

(In an article on *Fashions for Men* it is stated that pyjamas are going out in favour of a form of nightshirt.)

AND have we heard the news aright,
And are the tidings truly told,
And must we garb ourselves o' night
As did our sires of old?

That was an age when decent men
Wore, on retiring to their roost,
A sad, pale thing; pyjamas then
Had not been introduced.

An untouched white was then the mode;
Even the most hilarious blade
Would have infringed the social code
In any other shade.

But, homing to his native soil,
Out from the golden East came one
Made rich with many an Orient spoil
And reckless with the sun.

Garments he brought that shamed the morn
Wherein to deck his nightly frame,
And, when the home-bred watched in scorn,
He wore them just the same.

But soon they felt a tiny sting,
A little pang that inly said,
"If he can wear that kind of thing,
We should look grand, in bed."

But who should know until they tried?
They did; and though at first 'twas strange,
They clad them in the peacock's pride,
And much admired the change.

And thus the spread of colours grew,
Till men habitually recline,
Each wrapt in his especial hue;
Pink, as a fact, is mine.

Then hail, pyjamas; what a glow
Your radiance gives us, and what glee;
I bought a tartan once, and oh,
The difference to me.

And shall we put these gauds away,
And must we don, however loth,
The shirtings of a paler day?
I won't, I take my oath.

Force cannot bend my iron will;
Firm to the last, I will not shrink;
Still will I sleep in glamour, still
Fancy myself in pink. DUM-DUM.

Squashy Life on the Moon.

"To begin my lunar tour the instrument was first turned to . . . a row of giant peaks, their shadows cast by the sun like a row of cathedral spires across the arid and larva-filled plain."—*Daily Paper*.

"Larwood has much to say about Bradman. These are some of his comments: 'I am perfectly satisfied that he flinches, as satisfied as I am that I was not completely his mater on this trip.'"—*Daily Paper*.

This is the first reference we have seen to LARWOOD'S attempts at mothering the Australian team.



AMERICA CALLING.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "GENTLEMAN WITH A CHIN BEARD COME AGAIN, SIR, AND SAYS HE'S WILLING TO TAKE SOME LOOSE SILVER ON ACCOUNT."

JOHN BULL. "WELL, NOW, THAT'S EXCEEDINGLY KIND OF HIM—SO FAR AS IT GOES."



"I AIN'T GONNA WORK—I'M ILL. DE ADVERTISEMENTS IN DIS PAPER SAY DAT I AM SUFFERIN' FROM NOORUSTHEENIA CAUSED BY DE RUSH AN' STRESS OF MODERN LIFE."

Brighter Intervals.

FIRST-CLASS cricket, as I see it—in fact, whenever I see it—seems nowadays to be almost entirely a matter of Intervals. Apart from major intervals, we are constantly subject to irritating subsidiary intervals, and the other day, during a typically exasperating hiatus, it occurred to me to jot down the various interruptions that can unite in ruining a County or Test match.

They are as follows:—

- (1) *Lunch Interval.*
- (2) *Tea Interval.*
- (3) *Interval between Innings*—often just after the Lunch or Tea Interval.
- (4) *Interval for Rain*—including Intervals between periodical wicket inspections.
- (5) *Interval for Bad Light.*
- (6) *Interval at Fall of Wicket*—nominal limit two minutes.
- (7) *Interval for Presentation to Royalty.*

(8) *Interval for Accident*—the players gathering round and sympathising in approved fashion.

(9) *Interval for Sight-Screen Adjustment.*

(10) *Interval for Incidental Refreshment*—A tray of drinks is brought out and handed round. This tray has been known to appear during both morning and afternoon sessions, irrespective of Lunch and Tea Intervals.

(11) *Interval while Captain goes over and pleads with Barrackers.*

(12) *Miscellaneous*—Interval for Lost Ball, Fly in Batsman's Eye, Defective Boots, Telegram-reading, etc., etc., etc., etc.

I am not so unreasonable as to object to intervals between overs and the respite between one day's play and the next (though a period of eighteen hours—and at week-ends as much as forty-two hours—does seem an exces-

sive suspension), but if, as is generally accepted, cricket is losing its hold on the affections of the public, it is my firm conviction that a wet-blanketing vista of intervals is responsible. May I respectfully urge the authorities to give this matter their serious consideration?

Let them not fiddle while gate-money is dwindling.

Counter-attractions are dangerously competitive, e.g., Dogs and Dirt-tracks, and the position to-day of first-class cricket is critical.

Let a sub-committee be appointed to investigate and report.

Now if, as is only too probable, the appointed sub-committee declare themselves unable to recommend any reduction in the number of possible intervals, then the intervals themselves must necessarily be brightened beyond recognition.

Can this be done?

Certainly it can if the present variety of cricket is reinforced by a non-stop variety of cricket (Direction: George Black).

I will go so far as to suggest that intervals, as hitherto constituted, shall be restyled "intermissions," and that such "intermissions," in addition to selections by a resident orchestra, shall offer a series of turns.

In this way the galvanic appeal of Dogs and Dirt-tracks can be disallowed and the popularity of Cricket restored.

The precise type of turn to be offered would naturally be decided by the Director.

At first the *al-fresco* performance might present some technical difficulties, but amplifiers would be installed where suitable—with a little reconstruction the sight-screens could be utilised for film exhibitions—and there is no reason to suppose that old favourites would be any less warmly welcomed at Lord's (except in the Pavilion) than at the Holborn Empire.

The Cricket would not, of course, be subordinate to the Variety. The latter—high-speed and clean—would be judiciously interpolated. Here is a specimen programme-cum-score-card:—

YORKSHIRE v. M.C.C. (First Day).

Overture "Entry of the Gladiators"
Fucik.

- 1 HOLMES.
- 2 SUTCLIFFE.

Intermission A: NELLIE WALLACE.

- 3 MITCHELL.
- 4 LEYLAND.
- 5 BARBER.

Intermission B: The Palladium Girls, etc.,
etc., etc., etc.

Lunch Intermission: BILLY BENNETT.

JACK HYLTON and his
Boys.

Tea Intermission: NINA MAE MCKINNEY,
JASPER MASKELYNE.

At Close of Innings: BETTY HOBBS' Superb 8.
Silly Sym. Orch. Org.

I will only add that, if some such interval policy as has here been outlined is attempted, I am confident that Prosperity will be waiting round the corner of the St. John's Wood Road.

Anyway, I earnestly commend it to the attention of the M.C.C. WOON.

The Poet's Brow.

["All the poets whom you have met, when they get to about forty are almost always bald. They go bald trying to find rhymes in this language, which has so few rhymes."
—From a speech by the POET LAUREATE.]

CRAMPED by a lack of language
(Even as Avon's Bird)

Our bards, with cries of "Dang!" wage

A war to find a word—

Till dawn

Illumes the lawn,

Then they chuck in a fawn.

But here the heart must harden—

A fawn should shun a garden;



"BUT YOU MUST ADMIT, HUMPHREY, THAT THE FIGURE HAS CHARM."
"CHARM! HELL!! WHO WANTS CHARM?"

It could
Live in a wood,
But better far it should
Leap lightly o'er a mountain
From fountain unto fountain
To make the poem good.

Distraught by need for reason
And pressed by lack of pelf,
Our bards (renewed each season,
Though rhyme outwears itself),
With mush
Invoke the thrush
To break the morning hush.
Could birds but change their habits
And nip about like rabbits
Verse might
Be far more bright,
And happy bards, in quite

New phrase and rhyme could mention
The amorous intention
Of does in active flight.

But rhyme remains as clannish
To-day as once it was,
And rumpled hair must vanish
From poet brows because
The dove
Still woos his love
And must not wear a glove;
And every English heaven
Must be the county Devon,
Not York
Nor even Cork
(Though both have better pork);
And poets' hair gets thinner,
Since rhyme must earn them dinner
And grub for knife and fork.

At the Pictures.

POLITICS FROM HEAVEN.

NOT having read the novel, *Rinchard*, I went to the film called *Gabriel Over The White House*, which is based upon it, with no idea of what its strange title meant; whether I was to see a brooding



J.H.D.W.

A MODERN ANGEL.

Hon. Judson Hammond . WALTER HUSTON.

Archangel or that inveterate Utopian, Mr. GABRIEL WELLS, imposing a new millennium. As it happens, I found a touch of both.

The film is a fantastic affair, in which all Uncle Sam's own troubles are first solved, and then the world's, through a divinely-inspired Dictator; but its originality and vitality and interest are not to be resisted, and even while one laughs at the notion that a President must be knocked out in a motor-accident (trying to get up to 100 m.p.h.) before he can come to his senses and be properly receptive of celestial guidance, one has to pay attention to his subsequent words and deeds. Once the party-man has been disposed of, the blend of MUSSOLINI and HITLER gets to work, grafters and gangsters are swept away, and America and England in union regenerate mankind.

In the hands of anyone but WALTER HUSTON as the President, *Gabriel Over The White House* would probably look too like a burlesque; but the force and directness of this fine actor prevail, and almost one believes. He is admirably served by everyone, and particularly by the author of the dialogue and by a producer who never, without any of the

old stupid wastefulness, tried to save a cent.

The Archangel himself, I may add, does not appear, his influential presence being indicated by the notes of a celesta or æolian harp. One comes away hoping that America having been so thoroughly spring-cleaned, he will cross the Atlantic.

To pass from *Gabriel Over The White House*, with its effort to say something and its many dramatic moments, to *Waltz Time* at the Tivoli, is to realise very swiftly one of the reasons why English films compare so badly with American, and that is a want of space. So many of the scenes have been "shot" in corners, and where there are crowds there is congestion. EVELYN LAYE will always attract, but I should guess that the days of the photographed musical-comedy relying on one tune are numbered, no matter how excellent, as in *Waltz Time*, the actual photography is.

The not too exacting will get entertainment from *The Little Giant*, in



J.H.D.

TIFF TIME.

Eisenstein FRITZ SCHULZ.
Rosalinde EVELYN LAYE.

which EDWARD ROBINSON (looking extremely like Lord BEAVERBROOK in STRUBE's cartoons) plays, for him, a new kind of part. Hitherto he has been associated with toughness almost unrelieved; but here he is both tough and tender, despotic and dupable.

It is an old plot—that of the man supreme in his own element and a com-

plete ass directly he leaves it; but nothing could be more heartening than the way in which, after he comes out of his foolish period, he corrects the errors he committed while he was in it.

This climax, which makes and justifies the picture, I can compare only with the end of ANDERSEN's story of "The Tinder Box," where the soldier on the scaffold calls on the dog with eyes as big as saucers, the dog with



J.H.D.

THE EX-GANGSTER'S NEW SHOOT.

Bugs Ahearn . . . EDWARD G. ROBINSON.

eyes as big as mill-wheels and the dog with eyes as big as towers to come to his rescue, and they come. E. V. L.

"ALDERSHOT SHOW.

The annual Aldershot Show, in aid of military charities, will be held at the Rushmoor arena from Wednesday, June 28, to the following Saturday. . . . The entries in the military section are good, and famous hacks from all over the country are competing in the Hound show events."—*Sunday Paper*.

Tell that to the horse-beagles.

"FULL PARTICULARS, PLANS AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE AUCTIONEERS AT THEIR OFFICES."—*Advt. in Daily Paper*.

A splendid opportunity for those who have never seen an auctioneer.

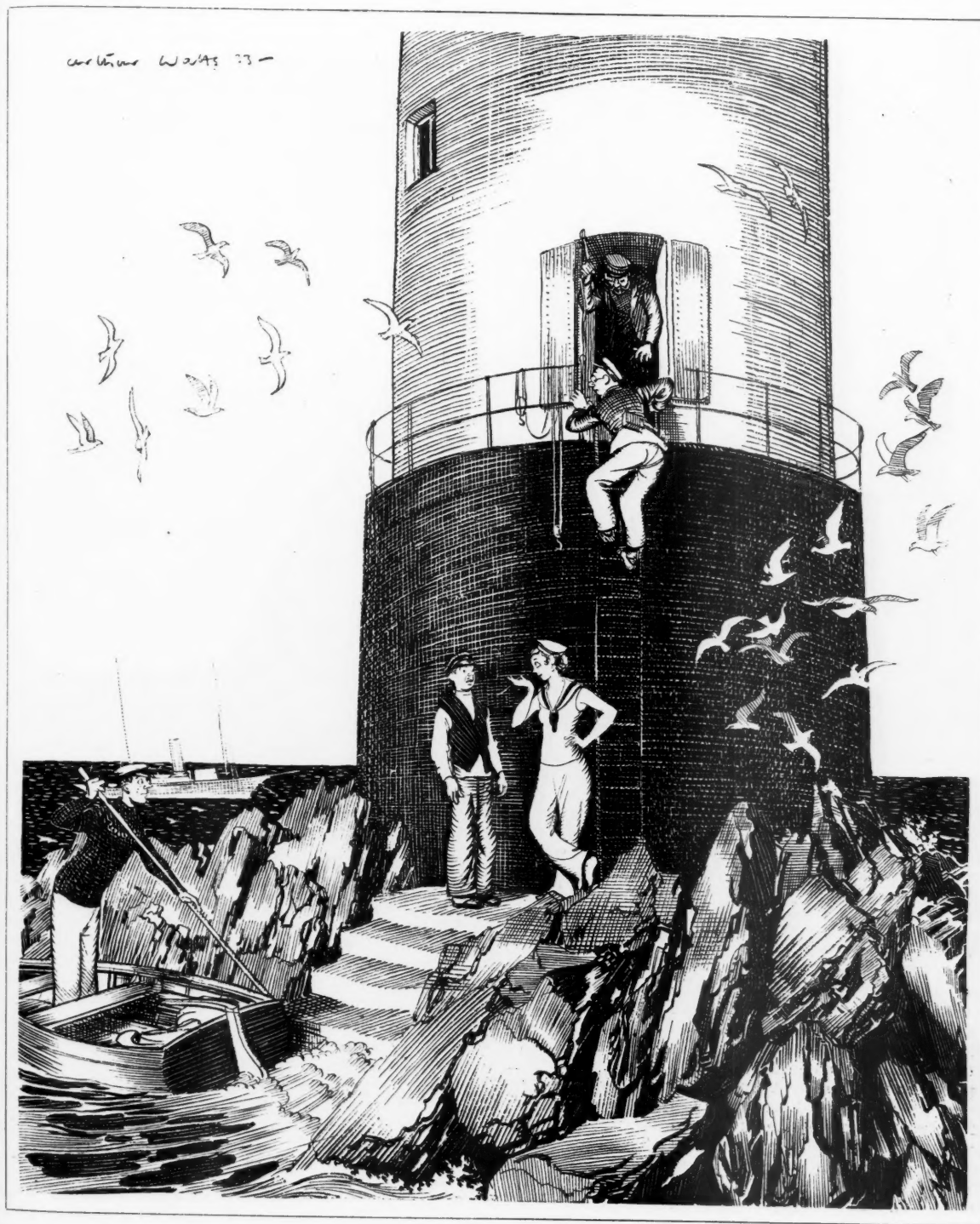
"The steamship companies operating between England and Barbados-Trinidad announced a reduction in fares at the beginning of the present month."

Jamaica Paper.

Transport grows less funny every day.

"Sir Reginald Blair, a member of the Racecourse Betting Control Board: 'The recommendations as regards the Tote are very sweeping.'"—*Daily Paper*.

Yet sweeps are to be abolished in toto.



"OF COURSE IF I LIVED HERE I'D HAVE THE SWEETEST LITTLE ROCK-GARDEN."

Greenwich Night Pageant.



"KINGDOMS MAY COME AND KINGDOMS MAY GO . . . BUT OLD FATHER GREENWICH, HE JUST KEEPS SMILIN' ALONG."

To approach the Royal Naval College on such an occasion as this by any other route than the Thames is an almost unthinkable proceeding; and accordingly my companion and I boarded the good ship *Britannic* (I am a little uncertain about the name, but I know she was good) at Westminster Pier and bade her skipper—by look rather than word—crowd on sail for Greenwich. The water gurgled at the prow, the engine hummed, a man kept shouting through a megaphone to tell us which was Wapping, and so, with ratlines creaking (I expect) and faces tanned by the long exposure in tidal waters, we made the tavern where we would be. From the "Ship Inn"—surely destined to return for a week at least to a popularity eclipsing anything it has enjoyed before?—it is only a short step to the College; and thus by easy and pleasant stages one comes to the scene of the Pageant.

A few minutes spent among the performers (one may do such things at a rehearsal) were enough to convince us

that all Greenwich has rallied to the support of this brave new venture. The women are in it, scores of them—and very comely they are too; the children are in it; the Old Contemptibles from Woolwich have come marching up to lend their invaluable aid. Even the costumes, so I was told, have all been made in the neighbourhood of Longitude 0°. Only the Navy, with its peculiar genius for getting the impossible done and doing it without any fuss, could have tackled the organisation of such an exclusively family affair. Behind the scenes there was a happy-go-lucky atmosphere and an entire absence, as far as one could see, of red tape and officialdom; yet in front everything went as smoothly and efficiently as the most exacting could desire. How this is done I cannot tell you; it is just another of those important Naval Secrets which mean so much to diplomats and even more to novelists.

If you go to Greenwich expecting to witness a Signalling Display or a representation of the Battle of Jutland

you will be surprised, but not, I think, disappointed. The Pageant aims at presenting "certain of the chief scenes in the past history of Greenwich and of its association with the Navy," and does not pretend to be a full-blown Naval Tattoo, after the fashion of Aldershot or Tidworth. For this reason, unless your knowledge of the past history of Greenwich is considerably more extensive than mine, you will be well advised to take a torch with you and with its aid make frequent reference to the detailed "scenario" provided for your enlightenment. Some of the scenes (and this is my only grouse) are so short and cryptic that it is almost impossible to discover by the simple light of reason what is occurring, let alone distinguish which important personage is which.

The Pageant opens with the appearance of a "number of Naval Pensioners in the blue-and-gold uniform of 18th-century Greenwich Hospital," who hobble about on crutches for a while, "gossiping and jesting" before sitting

down to dream of the past on seats conveniently placed for them on either side of the stage. Observe them carefully; for these are the Woolwich "Old Contemptibles," who take a proper pride in their job, and incidentally give as fine an exhibition of hobnobbing as one could wish to see. Happily the wooden legs which many of them wear are in a double sense "artificial" and take a deal of managing (so one old fellow told me) during the negotiation of the steps which front the stage. If during this scene you should happen to notice a tall upright figure walking on the arm of two of his comrades perhaps you could spare him a special cheer. He is quite blind, but, like a true Old Contemptible, refused to be left out of the fun. There follows the Christening of Princess Elizabeth, 1533 (you knew the date, of course?), the highlight of which is a solemn procession, heralded by the pealing of bells and including a company of singing choristers, the Lord Mayor, esquires and chaplains, Privy Councillors, the Earl of Essex, the Lady Mary of Norfolk, and somewhere (though I failed to spot him) "the Marquess of Dorset carrying the salt." When, in addition to all this, Henry VIII. comes out in a smart green suiting at the head of his Yeomen of the Guard and takes the babe in his arms, one feels that pageantry can go no further. Even a vision that recurred to me of the company of singing choristers taking their beer and smoking their pipes behind the scenes failed to destroy the impressiveness of this final tableau.

That Raleigh's cloak and Drake's game of bowls were included in the old pensioners' dreams goes without saying, but it was a surprise to find the former incident terminating, not with Raleigh's kissing of the royal hand, but with his kissing of a girl in the crowd the moment the royal back was turned—an occurrence which I am inclined to regard as more Naval than historical in character. At Plymouth Hoe, Drake, after hearing of the Armada's approach and sending off a few crisp despatches, "slowly and deliberately"—(I quote from the programme)—"retakes his wood and bends forward to bowl. The light fades as he does so." Unfortunately on the occasion when I was privileged to be present the light was even more slow and deliberate in its

very meekest woods I have ever seen, exploiting in his own quiet way the "No legs" theory.

"King Charles II. at Blackheath" I thought the most beautiful and satisfying spectacle of all, with its lines of red-coated soldiers reviewed (when his obstreperous horse allowed it) by General Monk, its morris-dancers, its triumphal procession of lords, knights and young gentlemen of the City—these latter not, as you might expect, in black coats and bowlers, but "all in white doublets with bloom-coloured scarves about them, to bring in the King"—and finally the King himself all in royal blue and mounted on a snow-white steed. Who would be a Roundhead after a sight like that?

Next comes a scene which I took to represent a seventeenth-century dispute about a cab-fare, but which is actually nothing less than the Flight of Mary of Modena, who was, you will remember, the second wife of JAMES THE SECOND. I know, because I have just looked it up.

A bare mention of the rest must suffice. George the First landing at Greenwich, Wolfe leaving for Canada, the m \acute{e} l \acute{e} e on the Heights of Abraham, Nelson's Funeral—and so to the Epilogue, which, I make bold to say, you will like best of all. Only the most determined curmudgeons can resist shanties sung by forty stalwart sailors or the concentrated blandishments of "forty Brazilian girls."

Aldershot for pomp and Hendon for thrills, but Greenwich for the enchantment of pageantry in a setting of old grey stone. This is a much more modest affair than the gigantic Army Tattoos we have become accustomed to, but it has the delicate colouring and the perfection of detail that one looks for in a first-class miniature.

And remember to go by ship.
H. F. E.

The World's Cow Shot.

"Saturday was not the first time that Hewetson has electrified the spectators. As a schoolboy at Shrewsbury he hit a ball into the headmaster's garden at Rossall. . . ."

Manchester Paper.

"CHILD GETS MORE MILK WHEN COOKED IN THE PORRIDGE."—*Canadian Paper.*

But how badly it gets scalded, poor mite.



THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS;
OR, A WIFE IN EVERY PORT.



FALL IN, THE WOODEN-LEG SQUAD.

movements than the Admiral, and Drake, tired of being indefinitely about-to-bowl, had perforce to lay down, e'er darkness eclipsed him, one of the



Misleading Cases.

Haddock v. The London County Council.

JUDGES swimming off the Savoy; K.C.'s in canoes; barristers boating—these were some of the agreeable pictures called up to-day by an application in the Lord Chief Justice's Court for a writ of *mandamus* to issue against the London County Council commanding them to discharge certain statutory duties laid upon them by the Thames Embankment Act, 1862 (25 & 26 Vict. c. 93).

The Lord Chief Justice said:—

"The high prerogative writ of *mandamus*, or 'We command,' is an ancient, useful and rather lovable writ. It issues from the King's Bench in the King's name requiring the person addressed to do some specified thing which the Court considers ought to be done, and it is of particular value in the case of public authorities which have failed to do their duty. His Majesty's judges pass most of their working hours in clearing up the mess made by people who have done things, and done them foolishly; it is rarely that they have an opportunity to be the cause of sensible action where there was no action before—that is, to be constructive. Moreover, as a rule, *mandamus* issues to persons and authorities who think too much of themselves. For these reasons the writ is dear to us.

"I never saw a clearer case for its employment than the present. Two small doubts only arrest my decision: First, whether the good Mr. Haddock is the proper person to make this application; and, second, whether I am not debarred from granting it by the principle *Nemo debet judex esse in propria causa*, or, 'No man ought to be a judge in his own case.'

"When I was a boy the river Thames flowed not only past but up to the walls and premises of the Middle Temple and Inner Temple, to one of which honourable Societies I belong. These Societies had a common but private landing-place at the foot of Middle Temple Lane; and in the evening, after the sultry labours of the Courts, my father would take me on the river in his wherry, to our mutual delight and benefit. The making of the Thames

Embankment, the driving of a public thoroughfare between the Societies and the water, interrupted these pleasures. But it was never intended by anyone that they should come to an end. By section 30 of the Thames Embankment Act, 1862, it was provided that the Board of Works (whose duties have been inherited by the London County Council) 'may and shall make for the Societies a landing-place, with proper and sufficient works and conveniences connected therewith, in substitution for their present landing-place at the end of Middle Temple Lane, and the same shall be used by the Inner Temple and the Middle Temple, and shall be held, enjoyed and regulated by the two Societies as their private landing-place accordingly.' The designer and builders of the Embankment duly placed buttresses and embrasures at this point for the accommodation of a pontoon, and over the arch on the water side a large and venerable head in stone, which is evidently intended to be the head of a law-giver—a tactful reminder of the rights of the Societies and a warning to the general mariner to keep away.

"Later statutes concerned with the Thames have carefully preserved the rights of the Societies. Section 8 of the Thames River Steamboat Service Act, 1904, says that nothing in the Act shall authorise the Council to interfere in any way with the access of the Societies 'to their private landing-place without the consent in writing of the Treasurer for the time being of the two Societies respectively.' And two sections (294 and 470) of the Port of London (Consolidation) Act, 1920, preserve 'the rights, powers or privileges to which under the Thames Embankment Act, 1862, the two Societies of the Inner Temple and the Middle Temple or either of them are or is entitled.'

"This, then, is not the case of some mediaeval and meaningless privilege upon which no reasonable person would think of insisting at the present date. It is the case of rights and duties expressly recognised and kept alive by Parliament only thirteen years ago. The present generation of London County Councillors must be fully cognisant of the facts: (1) That they are bound by statute to provide the Societies with a proper and sufficient landing-place; and (2) That the Societies, in fact, have no such landing-place. I understand that the Council do not deny their liability; they have not showed cause why they should not be required to discharge it; and it seems a proper case for the gentle stimulation of a writ.

"During the hearing, in order to

satisfy myself as to the conditions, I caused myself to be conveyed in a boat to the 'private landing-place' of the Societies. I found in fact that there was no pontoon, pier or other convenience for landing. There is a flight of stone steps, at the head of which the London County Council have placed two heraldic devices representing the arms of the Societies. I approached these stairs, but it was low water and the boat grounded in the mud a few feet from the lowest step. By a leap, both dangerous to my person and inimical to my dignity, I succeeded in reaching the steps. There is no hand-rail, chain or rope attached to the wall, the lowest steps were slippery with a deposit of Thames mud, and in the absence of hand- or foot-hold the Lord Chief Justice painfully assumed a sitting position on the third step from the bottom and with difficulty prevented himself from sliding into the ooze below. Nor is there at any point upon these stairs a ring or hook to which a boat may be made fast. I was compelled therefore to leave the Clerk of the Court in charge of the boat while I ascended the stairs without escort; and if I had been navigating alone I do not see how I could have landed at all without abandoning the boat to the mercy of the tide.

"I climbed the inhospitable stairs in fear (owing to the presence of mud and the absence of a hand-rail), and at the top surveyed with somewhat ironical reflections the glorious arms of the Inner and Middle Temples. These are attached to an iron fence or barrier, upon which some children of the poor were swinging; and these children, little knowing—indeed not knowing at all—with whom they had to deal, made derisive observations upon my learned but admittedly mud-stained posterior.

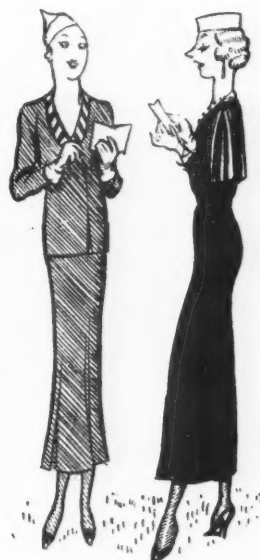
"I am informed that the porter of the Middle Temple has a key by which at one time it was possible to open some part of this barrier; but this would have been of small service to me, for there is now no sign of a lock or padlock in which to insert the key. It was open to me, no doubt, to climb over or crawl under the barrier and so achieve a technical 'landing,' but I judged that the dignity of my office had suffered enough, and I returned to the boat pursued by the unworthy aspersions of the children.

"I do not know whether in the opinion of the L.C.C. the placing of an iron barrier and two heraldic devices at the head of a flight of naked steps is a good discharge of their duty to 'make a landing-place, with proper and sufficient works and conveniences connected therewith,' but I hold as a fact that

A MIXED BAG AT ASCOT.



ALTHOUGH THE GREYNESS OF THE OPENING DAY DID NOT ENTIRELY EXCLUDE THE BUTTERFLY FASHIONS ASSOCIATED WITH THIS FESTIVAL—



A MORE SEVERE STYLE WAS GENERALLY FAVOURED—



WITH OCCASIONAL ATTEMPTS AT A NOT ALTOGETHER SATISFACTORY COMPROMISE.



ON THE WHOLE, WE TRUST WE SHALL NOT BE CONSIDERED TO BE WANTING IN GALLANTRY IF WE VENTURE THE OPINION THAT ON THIS OCCASION THE TRADITIONS OF THIS FAMOUS MEETING WERE BEST UPHELD BY THE MEN.



"WILL THE PUPPY BARK?"

it is not. The essence of a proper and private landing-place is that the mariner, whether he be the Lord Chief Justice or another, should be able, first to land conveniently and safely at any state of the tide, and secondly to secure and leave his vessel for reasonable periods without fear of damage from the elements, from thieves or from the children of the poor. There are no such facilities here. A young and agile barrister might fight his way from the water to the Embankment with less discomfort and danger than myself; but the most imaginative Councillor would scarcely say that he had the use of 'proper and sufficient works and conveniences.'

"The question is: Is Mr. Haddock the proper person to make this application? Mr. Haddock is not the Treasurer of the Inner Temple (I do not know why), but he is a Member. He could make no motion to abrogate or surrender the rights of the Society, for only the Treasurer has authority to do that. But there is nothing in the statutes, or, I think, in reason, to say that the Council shall not be required to do their duty unless the Treasurer officially demands it.

"It might be that the Members of the Inner Temple were anxious to have a

landing-place but not the Members of the Middle Temple; but the duty of the Council would remain the same—to provide a landing-place; and the Inner Temple would not be debarred from insisting on their right because the Middle Temple did not join them. In the same way it may be that the Treasurer and Benchers are too far advanced in years to wish to navigate the Thames; but the rights of the junior Members remain the same; and I think that Mr. Haddock is as well entitled as anyone else to ask the Court to enforce them.

"The other question is: Ought I myself, who am a Member of the Inner Temple, to order the defendants in the King's name to do something which will be to my personal benefit? Fortunately it need not grievously torment my conscience, for my learned brothers are Members respectively of Gray's and Lincoln's Inn, and they concur in this judgment.

"Then it might be said by the unthinking that this is not a fit time at which to insist upon the spending of public money for a private society. But what is here demanded in effect is restitution for a species of robbery, and economy is no defence to such a claim. Moreover, I conceive it to be in the public interest that the Council

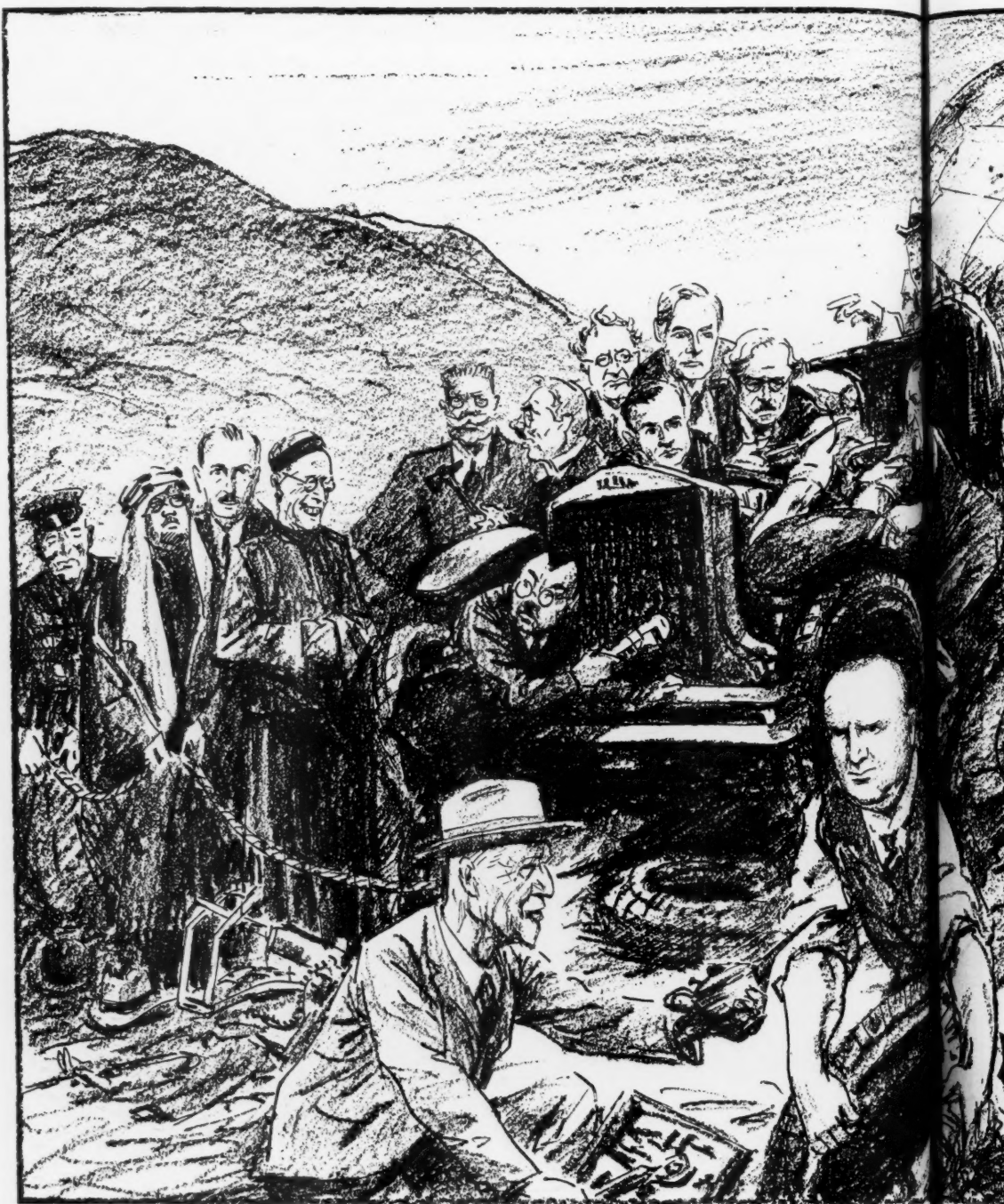
should be compelled to do their duty in this matter; for the Council have conspicuously failed to make the Thames accessible to the citizens of London, and if the Societies insist upon their private right to the enjoyment of the river then the public may be roused to insist upon theirs.

"I see in my mind a fine and well-appointed pier at the Temple where the young lawyers happily come and go in their own boats, and in summer-time the older judges and counsel may sit and refresh themselves with the spectacle and the sun, and even, maybe, with some gentle navigation. And when the people see this picture they will ask why they cannot enjoy the same delights. They will ask by what authority the public are forbidden to use the pier called Charing Cross, which is a 'public' pier constructed and maintained (in so far as it is maintained) at the public expense for the public use. The answer will be 'The London County Council.' Accordingly, on every ground of private justice and public expediency we think that a rule *nisi* should issue to the Council, that they may do their duty as required by Parliament."

Plush J. and Oat J. concurred.

A. P. H.

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THE RE PA

DR. BENES.	DR. HUGENBERG.	M. LITVINOFF.	MR. CORDELL HULL.	DR.
SIR ROBERT HO-TUNG.			MR. MACDONALD.	MR. B.
SHEIK HAFIZ WAHBA.	DR. SCHACHT.	M. DALADIER.		SIGN
DR. COLIJN.	DR. YEN.			M.
	GENERAL SMUTS.		MR. S. M. BRUCE	



RE PARTY.

Dr.
Mr. R.
I. BRUCE

SIGNOR JUNG.
MR. G. W. FORBES.

M. CONSTANTIN MAYARD.
M. PAUL HYMAN.

MR. DE VALERA.
COLONEL RUIZ. M. TITULESCU.
DR. HAFIZ AFIFI PASHA. BARON PALMSTIENA.



OUR EXPERTS.

THE GENEALOGIST WHO WENT TOO FAR.

Our Athletic Sports.

I.—As the local Newspaper asks us to believe :—

"In the presence of a large and distinguished gathering the annual Garrison Athletic Sports meeting was held in the Stadium on Saturday last. Gay with uniforms and bunting it is difficult to imagine a more picturesque setting for trials of skill and prowess, but, as happens so frequently, the weather was unfortunately somewhat inclement. Nevertheless some highly creditable performances were recorded and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent by all. The gymkhana events were extremely diverting, especially the tug-of-war on mule-back and officers' race, while the unsparing antics of the clowns were greatly appreciated by the numerous juveniles present.

"The officials, who are to be congratulated upon the smooth running of a very successful afternoon's entertainment, were"—(here follows about twelve pages of "The Army List").

"The Band of the Flatshire Regiment rendered some particularly charming selections by kind permission of—"
(more "Army List").

"The fortunate prize-winners were——" (here follows a column of phonetic misprints)."

II.—*As they Happen* :—

... Now this way the competitors for the hundred yards competitors for the hundred yards this way well why aren't there any cartridges I told you distinctly . . . no not there you idiot go and start the high-jump and get it finished before dark I don't care if you 're in for fifteen events at once and don't put your perishing shooting-stick through my running shoes again . . . I tell you the band *is* in the way . . . fetch the sergeant-major . . . well tell him he ought to be and don't come bothering me . . . from the ground of course where do you expect to measure it from the top of the grandstand . . . what on earth did you let him break it for aren't there any spares then you'll have to use the greasy-pole . . . well wipe it off you *are* a helpless tribe . . . now here is an important announcement listen carefully everybody (*fortissimo entry by the band*) I will repeat that once more now pay attention (*deafening applause for the finish of the quarter-mile*) you can run sideways in your socks for all I care . . . this way B Company . . .

go and fetch the sergeant-major . . . well tell him he can't this is a long-jump not a high-dive and I can't help it if the ruddy pit *is* flooded . . . are there any more competitors for the mile please . . . what's the good of a sack-race without any sacks . . . now remember the lady holds the needle and the gent runs up and threads it . . . what's the matter now you prize-idiot these are *pins*! . . . buck up with that tape can't you see they're just coming . . . don't untie it . . . pull! . . . now you've done it get the tug-of-war rope too late Gosh call it a dead-heat what's your name yes I can see that but what's your name . . . spell it . . . well you're disqualified certainly not he fell over his own darn great feet (*unmusical sounds from the band, caused by the simultaneous arrival of a discus and a javelin from opposite directions*) if he spikes himself it's his own fault . . . I *won't* wait any longer for the miserable high-jump . . . go and fetch the sergeant-major well tell him he's too old and if that adjective clown comes near me again I'll kill him . . . now ladies and gentlemen three hearty cheers for Mrs. . . .

(A merciful band strikes up the National Anthem.)

Essence of Parliament.

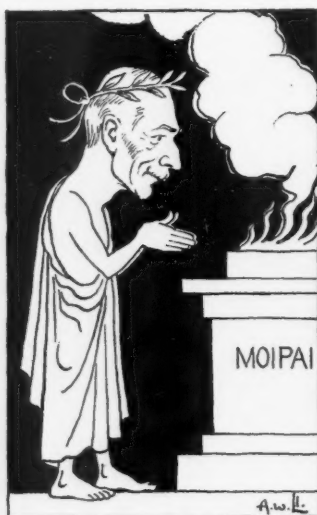
Tuesday, June 13th.—The thought that it was playing second fiddle to the Parliament of Man (if that term can be applied to a world conference from which the Republic of Panama is spectacularly absent) gave a certain subdued note to Westminster's resumed deliberations.

Or so it seemed in the Commons. The Lords pursued the even tenor of their way with a first instalment of its Second Reading debate of the Agricultural Marketing Bill, which Lord DE LA WARR described as a measure taking drastic powers to deal with a situation that needs drastic handling. Lord MARLEY caused some amusement by wishing that Ministers could be equipped with mirrors which would enable them to study, while trying to explain away a difficult position, the faces of those behind them. He welcomed the Bill, with all its defects, as laying the foundation for a Socialistic system of agriculture. Lord ASTOR feared that Lord MARLEY's hopes were all too well founded. "Oh, for tariffs!" he murmured, and Lord BANBURY agreed with him. He (Lord B.) had offered to bet another noble lord half-a-crown that the Bill would do nothing for the farmer within a year, but the offeree wanted to make it five years. "I told him," said Lord BANBURY, "that by that time I should probably be dead." If we are to believe the farmers agriculture will be dead too.

The Commons, with the Foreign Office Vote up for discussion in Committee, was looking forward to a busy afternoon with the American Debt. It was doomed to be disappointed. First Mr. BALDWIN explained that so far from answering questions on the subject the CHANCELLOR could not make a statement before 5.30 P.M. The House prepared to make the best of it and turned to discussing the more general aspects of international economics with occasional divagations into the question of disarmament. These included a suggestion by Captain GUEST that, human nature being what it is, all talk of disarmament was a waste of time and that in effect the Briton's best friend was the French bomber. Mr. ATTLEE found nothing in the Four-Power Pact but further expressions of pious if somewhat cynical hope. Mr. MANDER disagreed, apparently on the theory that if one went on making these public assertions of international amity long enough the amity

itself was bound ultimately to materialise.

On the economic side Mr. HOROBIN,



THE ARCH-FATALIST.

Captain GUEST (Lord High Pontiff of the Goddesses of Fate). "HUMAN NATURE WILL REMAIN THE SAME IN THE NEXT DECADE AS IT WAS IN THE LAST AND THE ONE BEFORE, AND FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF THE MAN-IN-THE-STREET IT WOULD BE BETTER TO CUT OUT THE NONSENSE ABOUT THE POSSIBILITIES OF DISARMAMENT THAT IS BEING TALKED AT GENEVA."

who is not only sound but easy on the ears, made a plea for the adoption in international affairs of the straightforward method of keeping accounts

that private citizens have to adopt if they wish to keep out of the Old Bailey.

5.30 arrived, and as the CHANCELLOR had not appeared Mr. H. WILLIAMS stepped into the breach. Six o'clock found Mr. WILLIAMS still in the breach, grimly reminding the House that he had long wanted an opportunity to rub into it a few economic truths. The House grew restive, and Captain GUEST made an abortive attempt to secure an adjournment; but Captain BOURNE explained that the Committee could not adjourn in the middle of Mr. WILLIAMS' speech. Even if Mr. WILLIAMS obliged, once it had become the House again it would have to remain that way for the rest of the day. Here, it seemed, was a Bourne to which there could be no return. So Mr. WILLIAMS, like Old Man River, just kept rolling along until 6.10, when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN suddenly appeared. Whether he would have come anyway or was hastily fetched to give the quietus to Mr. WILLIAMS did not transpire, but all he had to say was that he hoped to make the promised statement around 10 o'clock. Thereupon the House assumed an atmosphere of inspissated emptiness, and the back-benchers resumed operations, the only speech of the slightest moment being that in which Mr. RICHARD LAW warmly defended the memory of his distinguished father, who, he said, would never have accepted Mr. BALDWIN's American debt settlement if he had not been a sick man, and never ceased to believe that it would have disastrous results.

Mr. EDEN, replying for the Government, defended the Four-Power Pact and explained the British attitude on bombing from the air, which he said was a relatively minor thread in the tangled skein of Disarmament. Then Mr. CHAMBERLAIN again emerged on the scene but only to say that in respect of the June instalment of the American Debt the Government had made a certain offer and that there was no reason to suppose that the PRESIDENT's reply, not yet received, would be other than favourable.

Wednesday, June 14th.—To the House, all agog once more for what the CHANCELLOR's procrastinating topper might produce, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN explained that Britain had paid America \$10,000,000 in silver at 50 cents per fine oz. as an acknowledgment of the debt pending final settlement. At the same time he commended PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's statement, published simultaneously, that this could not be "characterised" as default.



THE TRICK AT LAST.



Landlady. "YES, THE KIPPER IS A BIT SMALL, SIR, BUT I KNEWED AS YOU DON'T LIKE KIPPERS, ANYHOW."

The Flight from Music.

(At the recent prize-giving at Roedean, Miss TANNER, the headmistress, stated that fewer girls learn to play musical instruments, especially strings, and attributed the change partly to the fact that mechanical music was easily obtainable by everyone.)

WITH all respect to Roedean's Head
And what she recently has said
About the notable decline
Of handmaids at Apollo's shrine,
Who until lately sought to win
A mastery of the violin
Or indefatigably wooed
The Muse of Pianofortitude—
It needs no scrutiny profound,
To prove her argument unsound.

'Tis easy to berate and ban
Music provided in a can,
But weightier forces are arrayed
And massed against the Heavenly Maid.
And the revolt exactly chimes
With the new spirit of the times,
And woman's resolute ambition,
Through her effective competition
In every kind of sport or game,
To storm the citadel of fame.

The life of artists or of dons
Appeals not to our Amazons.
They see no chance of capturing males
By constant practising of scales;
They cannot set the wide world hum-
ming
By diligent piano strumming;
They have no use for "leading strings"
Which cramp their style and bind their
wings.

C. L. G.

Are You Air-Minded?

"Ooh, look!" said Janet; "it's flying on its back and wriggling."

"Horrible," I said with a shudder.

"We all went up in one yesterday, you know."

"Yes—er—I believe you mentioned it."

"You're the only one who's never been up."

"Oh, by the way," I said, detecting the trend of the conversation, "I forgot to mention it—I notice the glass hasn't gone down this morning."

"You're not afraid, are you?" Janet went on.

"It looks as though it may quite easily be another fine day," I murmured; but I knew I was lost.

"You are afraid," said Janet—"you're afraid to go up in an aeroplane."

I was silent for a while. I glanced at the inverted infernal machine above. "They don't do any funny business like that, do they?" I asked.

"Of course not, silly. It's all perfectly straightforward—like being in a tram. You can either fly over the land or the sea—you pay your money and you take your choice."

* * * * *

It wasn't *my* choice I was taking as I crawled into a little seat in an extremely flimsy piece of flying-machinery. But a taunt is, when all is said and done, a taunt; a slur, however you look at it, can only be regarded as a slur.

They started the propeller, which made a nasty whirring noise and caused a fierce wind to blow all round me. It nearly blew Janet away as she ran up to the aeroplane and handed me a black object.

"Here," she said, "take this. It'll be interesting to see what Mrs. Tummly-Woddle looks like if you turn the camera on to her from above."

"It'll be interesting to see what she looks like," I said moodily, "if I drop the camera on to her from above," and I popped down quickly out of the gale.

The pilot was climbing into his seat in front of me. I hoped he understood just what kind of a flight I wanted—nice and slow and not too far off the ground. To make certain I called out to him, "No funny business!"

My voice was drowned in a deafening

roar as he stepped on the gas, or whatever you step on in an aeroplane.

We were soon rising steadily above the little seaside town of June-ford. Gripping the camera tightly and holding it over the side, I aimed blindly and pressed the trigger. When the photo came out it revealed the top of the larger of June-ford's gasometers, but if it had shown the snow-plume of Everest I couldn't have been more proud of it.

When we had been flying for about five minutes the pilot turned round and made a wagging gesture with his fore-

true that terror sharpens the wits. Something had at any rate sharpened mine sufficiently for me to understand what he meant this time. He meant that I was to see that the safety-strap was properly adjusted. I looked and found it wasn't. Not only was it not adjusted—it wasn't there.

"Oi!" I shouted, but you could have heard a pin drop in a thunderstorm as easily as my voice. Suddenly the aeroplane swooped and, gathering speed, dived sickeningly, nose downwards.

Clenching my teeth, I held my camera in one hand and the side of the aeroplane with the other. My heart struck my uvula a savage blow. I felt myself being pressed hard into the seat as the aeroplane took the upward curve of the loop, and watched the earth come slowly round into a position somewhere above me. It was interesting to see a bird's-eye view of June-ford laid out like an elaborate pattern on the ceiling. It was also interesting to note that there was now a space of about a couple of inches between me and the seat, a space which was tending to widen. I hovered, head-down, floating in space. As the aeroplane came round on the downward curve of the loop my heart dropped back into my stomach and I was astonished to find that the seat came up to receive me.

The pilot turned round and a grin showed among the goggles and leather trappings of his helmet. In response, thankful it was over, I managed to bare my teeth back at him. Actually I ought not to have done this because he seemed to regard it as a challenge; and immediately we were climbing up again to the higher altitudes.

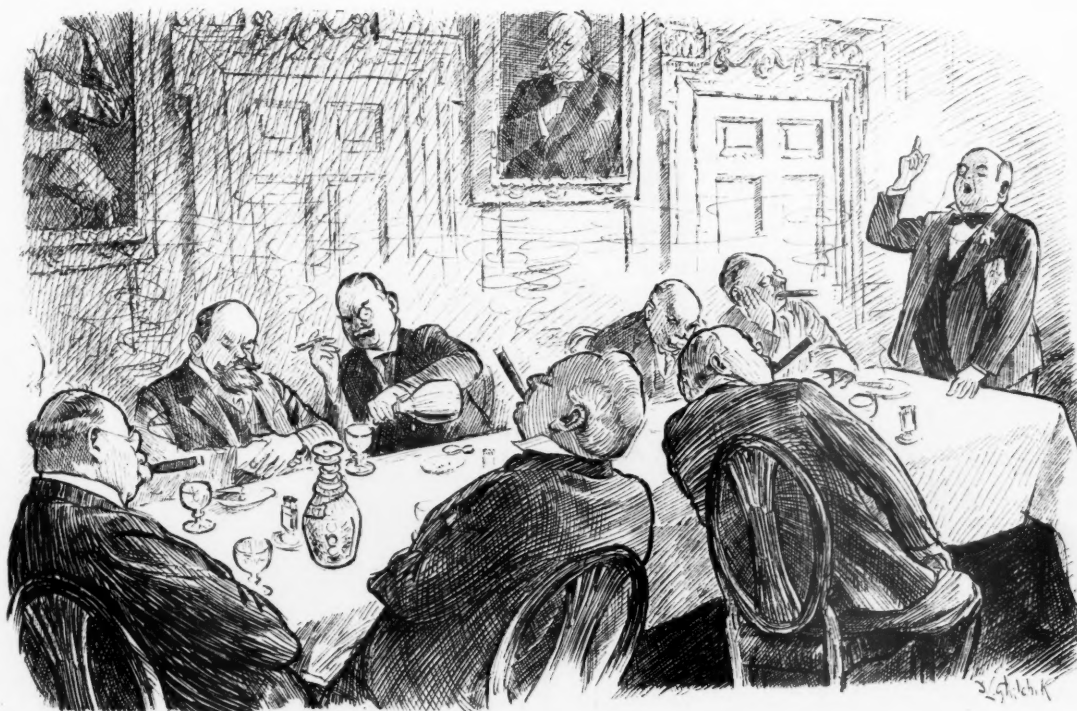
We zoomed up at a steepening angle until suddenly the roar of the engine died and the aeroplane seemed to stand on its tail motionless in the air. I saw the horizon swaying absurdly and felt the whole craft lurch violently and topple earthward in a spinning nose-dive, June-ford revolving dizzily below. Above the scream of the wind through the wires I could hear myself gasping for breath through my clenched teeth. It was a nasty sound. Incredibly, just before the church-spire impaled us we were flying on an even keel again. Nothing, I knew, would coax a smile out of me now. When the pilot looked round for approval I should frown darkly at him.



Under-sized Prisoner (scrubbing cell floor, to warden). "YER NEEDN'T WATCH ME. I'VE 'AD A GOOD TRAININ' AT 'OME."

finger. I looked at him with what was probably a completely blank expression and wondered what he meant. Although he was only three feet away from me it was quite impossible to make even the loudest shout heard above the rush of the propeller. He repeated his gesture and, supposing he meant that the view was pretty extensive from up there, I nodded my agreement. Actually what he *did* mean, as I was shortly to learn, was: Did I want to loop the loop?

We climbed until I could trace the coast-line for miles and the big steamers looked like match-stalks on the sea. Again the pilot turned round to me and made another gesture, this time pointing to his middle. Possibly it is



Chairman. "AND SO, GENTLEMEN, WITH THE SUCCESS OF THIS INAUGURAL LUNCHEON AS A HAPPY AUGURY, WE START OUR WHIRLWIND CAMPAIGN."

Neither the feeling of stomachless nausea I was experiencing nor the fear that the aeroplane would probably come to pieces in mid-air troubled me half as much as the knowledge that when I landed my face would be a nasty green colour. In addition my hair would probably have turned white, and the colour-scheme, though striking, might border too much on the supernatural to go well with the suit I was wearing.

Taking my approval for granted, the pilot took me into the blue again, and when we had reached a great height silenced the thundering of the propeller so that we stalled and tumbled sideways out of the sky, fluttering like a falling leaf. The earth reared into a vertical position on the weather bow and rushed like a wall to meet us. Green fields swung playfully, visible now over my left shoulder, now over my right.

It was curious how rapidly we fell. As I clung like a limpet to the aeroplane, hurtling earthwards, I saw the fourth green of the Juneford Golf Club expanding like magic. A man in plus-fours grew suddenly from a mere speck to life-size. I could see the glint of his putter. It seemed a pity that he must

be slain before he holed out. With my heart pounding in my stomach I glanced at the pilot. He was bending forward motionless. Perhaps he had fainted. Possibly he had forgotten what to do next. Perhaps he just didn't care. . . .

A second before the impact the pilot woke up, did the right things, and made the engine roar again so that we flew away unharmed. I looked back and saw the man in plus-fours miss a short putt. I wondered if he realised how much more he'd missed.

I stepped out of the machine a shaking bundle of nerves.

"Enjoy it?" asked the pilot.

"Rather!" I lied, wiping a little cold sweat off my forehead.

Fortunately Janet wasn't there yet, and as I waited for her I overheard a scrap of conversation between two pilots.

"Some of the passengers don't know some of the risks," said one.

"No," said the other. "Ignorance is bliss; they wouldn't be quite so perky if they knew what we know."

In my opinion some of the pilots don't know some of the passengers.

Mr. Punch on Tour.

THE Collection of original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, SIR JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, is on view at the Bankfield Museum, Halifax, until July 15; at Wrexham, July 24 to August 12; and at Bath, August 26 to September 20.

A separate Exhibition of Prints depicting humorous situations between Doctor and Patient will be on view at the Public Art Gallery, Burton-on-Trent, June 24 to July 22; at Bolton, August 5 to September 2; and at Whitby, September 16 to October 14. Invitations to visit either of these Exhibitions at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, "Punch" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

The Old Order Changeth.

"ROTTINGDEAN, NR. PEACEHAVEN, SUSSEX."
Address of Local Charity.

An Impending Apology.

"THE HORROR OF GAS—LOYD GEORGE ON PAGE THREE."
Jerusalem Paper.

At the Play.



THE FOREIGN OFFICE COMES TO THE SPEED MERCHANT.

Graustein.
MR. WALTER FITZGERALD.

Kostya Klatzkov.
MR. RONALD SIMPSON.

Buckley Joyce Thomas.
MR. BERNARD NEDELL.

"CLEAR ALL WIRES" (GARRICK).

If you have ever sat in the front-seat of a rackets sports-car going all out with its windscreen screwed down flat, you will have a good idea of the sensations induced by a two-and-half-hour journey with this cacophonous dramatic vehicle which Mr. RICHARD BIRD (its producer) has tuned and hotted up to such a pitch that its performance, as they say in Great Portland Street, is positively staggering.

And staggering not merely because of its intoxicating acceleration. For here, if you can believe it, is a farcical comedy where the twin rails have been ignored along which the creaking tramcar of British farce has normally progressed; there is actually no bedroom scene in it, and not a single one of those imbecile misunderstandings about doors which so often make one blush for the ingenuity of dramatic humorists. In addition the only undressing is done, decently, by a man. Which is such a pleasant change.

For these mercies, and for giving us a decidedly funny evening, we must thank BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK, who have the knack of shaking up humour and satire and pure idiocy in the most acceptable proportions.

Journalism, I am sorry to say, is their butt, mainly of the American tabloid variety, but the only English journalist involved does us no credit

friends. It takes place in the only *suite avec bain* in the Hotel Savoy.

Buckley Joyce Thomas (Mr. BERNARD NEDELL), Foreign Correspondent of a Chicago paper, had been asked by his Napoleonic proprietor to be a father to the little Follies girl whom he was sending to Paris for singing-lessons. Unfortunately *Thomas* confused the relationship, and, exiled by his proprietor to Moscow, brings *Dolly* (Miss GRETA GRANSTEDT) with him, to his great subsequent confusion. Here every utterance is undiluted PETER ARNO.

N.B. to the Brompton Hospital, before I forget. A sacred duty devolves on the medical profession to photograph and perpetuate Mr. NEDELL's larynx. It is a far more remarkable organ than CARUSO's *uvula* or *Achilles' heel* or any of the old favourites, for throughout this show it is in constant use, generally at full throttle in order to be heard above the babel of other voices and noises, yet shows absolutely no signs of wear.

Well, ace correspondents of tabloid papers don't sit down under this sort of thing, except to telephone snappy cables across the globe. *Buckley Thomas* gets busy. He goes in a fine uniform and lives (for half-an-hour) with the Red Army, and with this material dictates some burning despatches



THE SAME OLD RUSSIA.

Peasant . . . MR. HILARY PRITCHARD.
Soldier . . . MR. ALAN ROBERTS.

at all. Soviet Moscow is the scene of the story, each Act of which is preceded by loud Muscovite shanties rollicked by invisible comrades of our Boatmen

to his faithful gun-chewing gum-man (it's all the same) of a secretary. Result, cable from Chicago: "Punk. Get something new."

What is new? *Thomas's* professional pride is aroused. Pinch LENIN from his mausoleum? Kidnap STALIN? Too plebeian. Ah! what about his friend *Prince Alexander Tomofsky* (Mr. ESME PERCY)? Why not get him sitting with his back to the window, put a bullet in his shoulder—not so as to hurt, of course—and then clear all wires to Chicago with ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION IN ACE CORRESPONDENT'S APARTMENT OF LAST OF ROMANOFFS?

It sounds good enough, but it is the point where everything goes wrong—the point where, if you want to laugh, you will take up the story for yourself.

I am not saying that this is a brilliant piece, but that it hits a sound level of quick and reasonably new wit, contains some delightful satire of whirlwind journalism, and is animated by the spirit of a comic charade.

The cast takes the strain nobly and provides an amusing series of high-speed character-studies. Special mention must go to Mr. NEDELL for his clever and unflagging *Thomas*; to Miss JOAN MARION for her charming *Kate*, the good girl-friend; to Miss GRETA GRANSTEDT as the high-stepping little gold-digger; to Mr. ESME PERCY for his brilliant impersonation of an insolvent aristocrat; to Mr. RONALD SIMPSON as a Russian journalist; and to Mr. ERNEST JAY as the thug-secretary. I should love to have one like him. ERIC.

At the Ballet.

"Ballet Jooss" (SAVOY).

THE work of this accomplished team or school of dancers from Essen is based primarily upon the logical idea that the dramatic dance should be not merely the embroidery of a known legend or a newly-invented anecdote stated in words but should have an independent objective existence. The test of their integrity and of the validity of their method will come when the novelty of their presentation having worn off and the more obvious illustrations of it having been offered, their invention is strained to find subjects for treatment in the new manner.

"The Green Table," a satire in the form of a *danse macabre* on the theme of War, with grotesque prologue and epilogue of the Gentlemen in Black babbling and bickering at the conference-board, is the most important and impressive of the four pieces pre-

sented and is a brilliant justification of Herr KURT JOOSS's thesis. Two significant features of the method strike one at the outset—the great advantage of the plain drab-curtained background, focussing attention on the movements



A BALL IN OLD VIENNA, WITH PLENTY OF KICK AND SPIN.

and the grouping of the dancers instead of distracting attention, as the fashionable violent arbitrary modernist diagrams on the back-cloth are apt to do; and the repetition of rhythmical passages of gesture and movement, corresponding to the repeated and echoed



THE CONFERENCE TRICKSTERS; OR, THE NAMELESS GENTLEMEN IN BLACK.

themes in music and giving a similar satisfaction to the mind.

The scene opens on a group of starred and beribboned elder statesmen in conference. The shining dehumanised masks, the caricatured solemnity of the formal dress, the hates and selfish intrigues disguised under elaborate forms of courtesy, and the final angry breakdown of negotiations

symbolised by the simultaneous firing of automatic pistols give a mournful summary of conferences seen through eyes of youth.

Then begins the dreadful Dance of Death—*Death*, a figure robbed, with an effective touch of bitterness, of its dignity, a gross giant in the helm and armour of a comic Mars, brooding over youth rallying to the flag, the parting of friends, the insane fury of the battle and claiming its victims in the field and in the brothel till no one is left. No one, that is, but the same old Gentlemen in Black sitting at the same green table repeating the same fundamental gestures—all elaborately stylised, leaving to the imagination the individual interpretation of detail, but in the main sweep of the action completely intelligible and profoundly moving. Two moments remain poignantly in the memory—*Death* dancing with the tired young harlot (who had been the young betrothed), and *Death* gathering into his arms, with a gesture half but not quite touched with compassion, the bereaved *Old Woman*—a beautiful interpretation by Fräulein FRIDA HOLST. Herr JOOSS, the author of this impressive invention, was the grim effective ballet-master of this Dance of Death.

"The Big City" shows the effectiveness of Herr JOOSS's method for the telling and illustration of an anecdote of modern life. The delightful "A Ball in Old Vienna" proves that the dancers have shirked nothing of the arduous discipline of the formal exercises of the traditional ballet. RAVEL's "Pavane pour une Infante défunte" was less intelligible and effective, and the travesty of the Spanish sixteenth-century Court dresses seemed the nearest thing to perversity committed by the designer.

My spirits fell as I realised that the "orchestra" was to consist of two pianos, and I expected monotony and perhaps exasperation, knowing what two grands can do in the wrong hands. But the perfect synchronisation of the playing of Herr FRITZ COHEN and Herr MULLER-KRAY and their sensitive musicianship and delicate feeling for rhythm were a real delight. Herr COHEN was the composer of the effective music for "The Green Table."

The work of these young men and women seems to me a really important contribution to the art of the ballet, a sane acceptance of what is lively and stimulating in modern experiments, with a wise rejection of what is merely restless and incoherent. T.



Cook. "WELL, I DECLARE, HE MUST HAVE BEEN SHUT IN THE LARDER ALL THE AFTERNOON!"
Mistress. "FANCY HIM KEEPING QUIET ALL THAT TIME. HOW PATIENT HE IS!"

Songs of a Sub-Man.

VI.—I Had a Hippopotamus.

I HAD a hippopotamus; I kept him in a shed
 And fed him upon vitamins and vegetable bread;
 I made him my companion on many cheery walks
 And had his portrait done by a celebrity in chalks.

His charming eccentricities were known on every side,
 The creature's popularity was wonderfully wide;
 He frolicked with the Rector in a dozen friendly tussles,
 Who could not but remark upon his hippopotamuscles.

If he should be afflicted by depression or the dumps,
 By hippopotameasles or the hippopotamumps,
 I never knew a particle of peace till it was plain
 He was hippopotamasticating properly again.

I had a hippopotamus; I loved him as a friend;
 But beautiful relationships are bound to have an
 end.
 Time takes, alas! our joys from us and robs us of our
 blisses;
 My hippopotamus turned out a hippopotamissis.

My housekeeper regarded him with jaundice in her eye;
 She did not want a colony of hippopotami;
 She borrowed a machine-gun from her soldier-nephew,
 Percy,
 And showed my hippopotamus no hippopotamercy.

My house now lacks the glamour that the charming creature
 gave,
 The garage where I kept him is as silent as the grave;
 No longer he displays among the motor-tyres and spanners
 His hippopotamastery of hippopotamanners.

No longer now he gambols in the orchard in the Spring;
 No longer do I lead him through the village on a string;
 No longer in the mornings does the neighbourhood rejoice
 To his hippopotamuscally-modulated voice.

I had a hippopotamus; but nothing upon earth
 Is constant in its happiness or lasting in its mirth.
 No joy that life can give me can be strong enough to smother
 My sorrow for that might-have-been-a-hippopotamother.

The Film.

THE world première of the eagerly-awaited film, *Tee Slices*, was shown to a crowded room at the Vicarage on Saturday night. Every seat was more than filled. In one fauteuil alone sat Mrs. Bilson-Brick, Miss "Pam" Dukes and the cat; while Nobel Duckweed, who stars in the picture, reclined on the piano. This is the first big picture that the Vicar has made, and the occasion of its presentation was a brilliant one. At half-past eight cups of tea were served to the audience and dishes of home-made chocolate fudge were handed round. Then, amidst tense and expectant silence, which was only broken by the rhythmic beat of many knitting-needles, the light was turned out.

The film opened with an exquisite bit of camera-work. We saw a small white ball perched on a heap of sand, while four sturdy masculine legs were arranged like symbolic pillars in the background. Abruptly something flashed across the screen, the ball rolled off the tee and one of the pillars kicked the sand into the air. At that moment the camera jerked upwards, bringing into view the full-length figures of Nobel Duckweed and Percy Wallaby.

The audience thrilled in anticipation. Nobel Duckweed, as we all knew, was the intrepid champion of the "stiff-arm stiff-neck theory," while cunning Percy believed in keeping one eye on the ball and one on the club. In this elemental conflict we saw the seeds of tragedy developing. Already Percy Wallaby had taken up his stance to drive. He raised his club menacingly and was about to strike when the Vicar, with a touch of PUDOVKIN, PABST and RENÉ CLAIR, gave us a close-up of a tree.

In this atmosphere of suspense the scene changed to the Vicarage lawn, where the glamorous heroine lay forsaken under a willow-tree. Her auburn tail wagged fitfully, her silken ears drooped as she chewed disconsolately at Nobel Duckweed's walking-stick. By her side lay the lead which she had so often carried in her mouth when she and Nobel had tramped the hills together. Now he had gone off with his golf-clubs and left her. The pathos of this moving passage was beautifully rendered in the out-of-focus manner, and many a quiet stitch was dropped among the audience.

After a short interval (when the projection-screen fell off the picture-rail) the film rushed on to its climax. Once again the scene was the golf-links, where the two antagonists stood on the eighteenth green with putters drawn.



J.H. DOWD 33.

"GOOD MORNING! WASHING-DAY, EH? OUGHTN'T YOU TO BE WEARING A PINAFORE?"

"GRACIOUS, NO! THEY WENT OUT WITH ANTIMACASSARS."

We could guess the state of the contest. Nobel Duckweed, the stiff-necked champion, bore the much-bunkered look of a man who has been too free with the divots; but cunning Percy, calm and collected, was putting a pretty ball. As he holed out for victory and Nobel Duckweed in despair threw his putter at the caddie, the green, which had been swaying to and fro, turned upside down with almost unbearable dramatic force.

But the Vicar did not leave his audience on this tragic note. In the brief epilogue which followed Nobel Duckweed was standing, his neck now bent, beneath the willow-tree. To him, sil-

houetted against the setting sun, came the heroine, her tail wagging, her ears pricked up, his walking-stick in her mouth. She dropped it at his feet. For one poignant moment he gazed at her. Then, as the picture faded out, we saw them walking side by side towards the garden gate.

Second Childhood in the Professions.

"Luxurious Pram, genuine bargain, suit doctor, solicitor."

Advt. in Children's Paper.

"NATIONS READY TO TACKLE THE SLUMP IN LONDON TALKS."

Evening Paper.

We hadn't noticed that there was one.



"GEE! EVER SEE SICH A ONE-ORSE TOWN, JAKE?"

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Autobiography of a Rural Rider.

WILLIAM COBBETT, most violent and self-complacent and perhaps most attractive of publicists, planned to edit his autobiography during his lifetime but never found the leisure, even though he rose, in an English March, at five o'clock. The fragments were ready, and these have now been assembled from the various works, by Mr. WILLIAM REITZEL, who is to be congratulated on a very scholarly integration. *The Progress of a Ploughboy to a Seat in Parliament* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6) is an invaluable addition to the COBBETT shelf and also a fascinating commentary on a period which in its post-war economic difficulties bore a startling resemblance to our own. COBBETT was afraid of nobody, upheld by a robust conceit which glows in every page of this book with a naïvety which is entirely disarming. He saw red and his pen took fire over the condition of the unemployed, the decay of agriculture and the financial consequences of war. These were the subjects of the uncompromising pamphlets which brought him fame, prison and what, even now, sound large sums of money. But always, in whatever scrape he was landed, he remained the countryman, his thoughts straying back to his peaches at Botley. This is the perfect bedside book.

More Victorian Heel-Taps.

In her laudable anxiety to avoid the monotony of the average family chronicle, Miss ELIZABETH SPRIGGE has hit on a method as meandering as that of the famous Welsh railway, where the guard is said to light his pipe at the engine-driver's fire. In fifteen months, while *The Old Man Dies* (HEINEMANN, 7/6)—the old man being a wealthy Yorkshireman retired to his London town-house—we become acquainted with the characters and aspirations of all his living descendants: characters for the most part weak and occasionally vicious, and aspirations bounded by the unconscionable time the old man takes in dying. *Amy* and her son *James* stand for the more squalid Victorian vices; *Daphne* for that age's most acidulous mock-virtues. Even *Tom*, the model son, relapses into amorous senility once the consciousness of his parent's supervision is removed. *Nick*, the soldier, with his artistic and capable wife, *Cecil*, is the pleasantest portrait in this unprepossessing gallery; but it is the lower dregs of Victorian family life that are here so shrewdly depicted, and I hardly feel that a vintage which had its generousities is being quite fairly handled in this bottom-of-the-decanter fashion.

Dr. Priestley Takes a Day Off.

The only mystery that I can find in *The Claverton Mystery* (COLLINS, 7/6) is that Mr. JOHN RHODE should have thought it good enough to publish under his name. He has already

several good detective stories to his credit, and must be a practised enough writer to know that this time he has not lived up to his reputation. The characters are mere puppets dangling on wires which are not very skilfully manipulated by Mr. RHODE and at times seem to lack purpose in their movements. My old friend *Dr. Priestley* seems to have undertaken his self-imposed task of hunting down *Sir John Claverton's* murderer less from his wonted detective interest than because *Claverton* had been his friend. Let us grant that great crime specialists must now and then be given an easy case to solve in order that their over-taxed brains can have a rest. Yet I found also the introduction of the spiritualist, *Mrs. Littlecote*, and her séances too theatrical a device to be used by a man of *Dr. Priestley's* coldly scientific temperament, and I shall hope to find both *Dr. Priestley* and his creator in their usual form next time.

A Sussex Worthy.

On Foot in Sussex (three half-crowns From METHUEN's list) by A. A. EVANS
Lures us at random to the Downs
And other scarcely lesser heavens;
"Loitering"—his word—at fancy's whim,
The author gives us of his bounty
A wealth of lore, now gay now grim,
Relating to that gracious county.

All Sussex-lovers, even they
Whose pride is local erudition,
Will find it profits them to play
The pupil to his bland tuition;
A "dry-as-dust" self-branded, he
Digs up the past, dissecting rumour;
True; but, if dry-as-dust he be,
His dust is gold, his dryness humour.

And those, if there are any such,
Still strangers to its storied places,
Should put the matter to the touch
By following his wandering traces;
Worth, Darvel, Cudlowe, Crowlink Gap,
Southease—a call for exploration
Springs from each acre of the map,
The very names an invitation.

Feats of a Feminist.

I have often wondered what the Victorian feminist makes of the outcome of her efforts, but this is not one of the salient revelations of Miss EVELYN SHARP's interesting reminiscences. A great and impressive generosity undoubtedly went to the suffrage movement and its frequently accompanying internationalism and égalitarianism; but the upshot of these activities has not been an entirely happy one, and the question of their first principles and ultimate objects is not directly canvassed in *Unfinished Adventure* (LANE, 12/6). Coming at the tail-end of a City family, Miss SHARP was permitted to earn for herself an enjoyable place in the *Yellow Book* world; and this period, with its happy memories of HENRY HARLAND and KENNETH GRAHAME, is the most attractive in her story. This ranges from journalism to suffrage, from suffrage to Holloway, and on to



Prospective Purchaser (trying second-hand typewriter). "THE CAPITAL 'I' IS VERY MUCH WORN ON THIS MACHINE."

Dealer. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, IT USED TO BELONG TO A WELL-KNOWN ACTOR WHO WROTE FOR THE PAPERS A GOOD DEAL."

post-War missions to Germany, Poland and Russia. The chronicle has its humours—its narrator is probably the only platform-speaker who has caught a rotten egg without breaking it. And if her devotion to many causes strikes the heirs of her handiwork as sometimes ill-considered, it has the impressiveness of personal charm and the costliest sincerity.

Discords.

I fancy that if one happened to meet *Arthur* and *Agnes*—chief characters in Mr. BRYAN GUINNESS's novel, *Singing Out of Tune* (PUTNAM, 7/6)—the first thought would be, "Why in the world did she marry him?" and the question would continue to nag until another took its place: "What-ever did he see in her?" After that the instinct would be to yawn. But the author pursues this astonishingly dull couple, describes their engagement, elopement and honey-

moon, introduces their relations and follows them to their final parting through a series of chapters entitled "Birth," "Success," "Seaside," "Irritation," "Confusion," "Divorce." It is all true to life, and the boredom of the boring people is described in a most painstaking way; but the trouble is they are both so uninteresting that it is impossible to mind what happens to them. I am quite sure that Mr. GUINNESS has done what he set out to do as well as it could be done—his study of temperamental discords is excellent; but I could not help regretting a wasted sense of humour, for there are witticisms here and there, and the book is leavened with one really funny story.

An Irish Poetess.

The *Collected Poems of Moira O'Neill* (BLACKWOOD, 5/- net), though they represent the harvest of more than thirty years, only occupy 148 pages, and none reaches fifty lines in length. To call this slim volume an "omnibus" would be in keeping with the fashion of the hour, but a gross misnomer; a "fairy coach" would be a more appropriate description of this exquisite anthology, which irresistibly recalls the "few flowers but roses" in MELEAGER'S "Garland." Written for the most part "by a glenswoman in the dialect of the Glens of Antrim, and chiefly for the pleasure of other glens-people," they have achieved a wide popularity by their unlaboured simplicity, the truth and poignancy of their lyrical cry and the haunting magic of their refrains. Most of them clamour for musical setting, and Sir CHARLES STANFORD, notoriously fastidious in the choice of his texts, was never more happily inspired than in his versions of "Corrymeela," "The Fairy Lough," "Cuttin' Rushes" and "Johnneen." The later songs show little falling-off in the old mastery of rhythm and cadence, but none quite reaches the level of the first and most beautiful of all, "The Song of Glen Dun."

The Englishman's Molière.

I can imagine no more propitious adapter of MOLIÈRE for the English stage than the author of *Vice Versa* and *The Man from Blankleys*. You can trust Mr. F. ANSTEY to display the sympathy of a comrade-in-arms for the Frenchman's weapons of wit and irony. You can trust him also with the interests of the English theatre. The latter consideration and personal taste, have impelled him to render *Le Tartufe*, *Les Fourberies de Scapin* and *L'École des Femmes* in the prose which is strictly proper to the second play only, and to undertake structural alterations which give a more Shakespearean and less Jonsonian turn to the development of the principal characters. Both pieces of daring succeed best with the best play, and *Tartufe* is Mr. ANSTEY'S high-water-mark. With the absurd Italianate symmetries of

Scapin and the *École des Femmes*—burlesque serving-folk, long-lost daughters and all—less remodelling on English lines has been attempted. All *Three Molière Plays* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 7/6) are delightful to read; and their graceful spontaneous diction, equally unhampered by archaisms and vulgarities, should render them as distinguished on the stage as they are palatable in the arm-chair.

A Hero in Bronze.

Madrid had fallen to the French, *Moore* was dead, and the Spanish guerillas could only pester the invaders until they found *The Gun* (JOHN LANE, 7/6). With this "big eighteen-pounder" at their disposal they became a formidable force, but loyalty was not conspicuously a virtue of these guerillas. In turn *el Bilbanito*, *Carlos O'Neill* and *Jorge*, by means of the wonderful gun, kept this motley army together, but after a series of successes their idol was shattered and organised resistance promptly disappeared. Mr. C. S. FORESTER has written an unusual and remarkably fine story. Cruelty was a characteristic of the age and Mr. FORESTER has quietly and clearly drawn these hard-bitten men as they were. *The Gun* held them, as it holds the tale, together, and it is as worthy a protagonist as anyone can hope to find.

Semper Fidelis.

Rainbow (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) is not for those who think that fiction should be free from any trace of sentimentality, but it is nevertheless a story that dog-lovers will find difficult to resist. *Jim Trevelyan* was a ne'er-do-well wandering in Alaska when he and *Rainbow* met. *Jim* drank, gambled, cared neither for God nor man, and the dog was almost in as sorry a plight. Together, however, they faced the world, though *Rainbow's* devotion was heavily taxed before his master

conquered the temptations that beset him. The humans of Mr. GEORGE GOODCHILD'S are for the most part types, but *Rainbow* is both in his actions and reactions a delightful animal. And his end is a sound warning to all of us who allow our affection for dogs to outrun our discretion.

Lingerie Notes From Scotland.

"... Over 50 employees stopped work with a demand for increased wages. The stoppage commenced with the night shift, and extended to the day shift."—*Glasgow Paper*.

"Coun. E. Bloom moved that the matter be referred back for further consideration. 'Everyone will and must agree,' he said, 'that the swimming club are doing yeoman service in the borough, and many of the members are dipping their hands into their own pockets to assist the club to keep floating.'"—*Provincial Paper*.

What can you expect if the supporters continue to go off the deep end?



"DARLING, WHY DON'T YOU GO TO SLEEP LIKE IAN?
HE DOESN'T WORRY ABOUT THE THUNDER."
"NO, BUT HE DOESN'T WASH HIS EARS."

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